

Extremos Pudeat Rediisse.

The Record

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, SYDNEY.



VOI. VI.

No 1.

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The Record.

The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSE."

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 1.

Officers.

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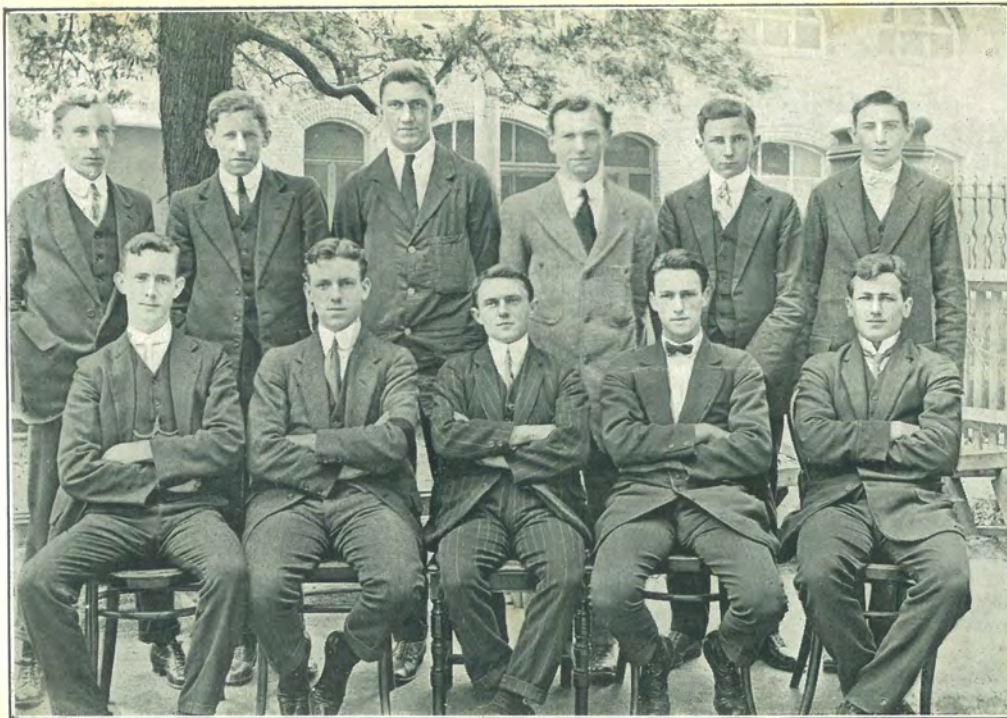
Editorial

IT is only when the time for parting comes that we realise how great is the affection and how real are the ties which bind us to the old school. With this issue of the "Record" we have to say farewell to those who, four years ago, as first-year boys, initiated the new educational system. Those four years have had their difficulties and trials, but we feel sure that there is not one of those who are now about to leave that cannot look back upon his stay at the High School as one of the most pleasant periods of his school life. Above all, there has developed in each one something of that eagerness to uphold the school's records, that jealous regard for its honour, that desire to see it flourish and prosper, which we call school spirit.

School spirit is only circumscribed patriotism—circumscribed, not so much in intensity as in application. And this smaller patriotism, this love and respect of an institution, not for the benefits it has conferred, but for the indefinable atmosphere that surrounds its customs and its every sphere of activity—this school spirit is one that will ever make those who are now about to follow other courses, revere and respect the name of their old school. It is this generous spirit which has prompted some to give up part of their time to the support of school institutions, others to endeavour to excel in sport, and all to champion the school's interests wherever they have been.

Nor is there one of those now leaving who can say that he is not the richer for that sense of fellowship and mutual devotion which springs from a realisation of the unconscious manner in which our aspirations and interests have been united. The gain of a corporate spirit, of a recognition of the fact that we strive, not only for ourselves, but for the body which we have the privilege of representing, is not the least of the benefits which the past four years have conferred upon us. And so, to those who, as pupils, are passing out of the school for ever, we bid God-speed, trusting that their regard for the institution they are leaving is as deep and true as the good wishes with which it sends them forth. And how could it be otherwise? For anyone who has spent four years in such a school as this, and has shared in its duties and pleasures, cannot but conceive, deep down in his heart, a true and lasting affection for the scene of so many unconscious pleasures; cannot but be proud of the honourable records in study or sport which his efforts have helped to create or maintain; cannot but hope that the traditions of the past may be upheld by those who are to come.

For those on whom, next year, will fall the task of upholding the school's reputation and honour, we add a word of warning and one of encouragement. Warning, lest they fail to realise the nature and extent of the new responsibility; encouragement, in that if they fulfil their duties to the best of their ability, the memories of this last year will be among the best and happiest of their school days.



S.H.S. PREFECTS, 1914.

Standing.—C E. Fuller, R. T. Braithwaite, W. Sherwood, M. Peryman, R. N. Kershaw, A. W. Gray.
Sitting.—G. R. Duncan, H. G. D. Cookson, J. Woodhouse, A. W. V. King, C. R. Cole (S. C. Robertson, absent)

School Notes.

In last issue we expressed our deep sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Gibson in the loss of their son. Mr. Gibson was so touched with the action of his son's comrades in attending the funeral in uniform that he has had special commemorative gold medals struck, one of which, suitably inscribed, has been handed to each of the cadets who was present. One was also given by Mr. Gibson to Lieut. Parker, who was in charge. These mementoes will be treasured by the recipients as long as they live.

* * *

It is anticipated that a second instalment of £10 will be forwarded to the Patriotic Fund, from the School Union, before the end of the year.

* * *

Speech Day this year will take place in the Turner Hall at 10.30 a.m. on Friday, 18th December. The Director of Education, P. Board, Esq., M.A., has consented to preside, and Mrs. Board will present the sports' medals and swimming prizes.

* * *

Our congratulations to E. B. Ellison, L. P. Moore and E. Rhoades, who have passed the Royal Military College Examination. We wish them every success in their new sphere.

* * *

The Staff was photographed recently: no disastrous results have been reported!

* * *

The School will be represented by six boys at the forthcoming University Camp for Great Public Schools from January 21st to 28th at Wariewood Beach, Narrabeen.

* * *

The Old Boys' Cricket Match will take place on Wednesday, 16th instant. Although rumour hath it that Old Boys have been practising strenuously, no doubts are entertained as to the result.

* * *

The School sent up 44 candidates for the Leaving Certificate, and 126 for the Intermediate. Are we down-hearted? No!!!

* * *

The P.S.A.A.A. Cup, won by S.H.S. in the Annual High Schools' Athletic Carnival, will be to hand shortly. It will adorn the office, in a handsome glass case, specially procured for that purpose.

* * *

Several of our extreme Seniors attended (of necessity) the recent Training Camp of the University Scouts. They don't look any the worse for it!

“On Reading Prometheus Unbound.”

Spirit voices, born of air,
Voices sweet and free from care,
Sweet, sweet, aery sweet,
Through the raptured ether fleet,
Floating round the unseen feet
Of the gliding forms of air.

Spirit music, welling up
Through the sky's inverted cup,
Stealing like the shade of death,
Rises like a frosty breath,
Wanders like a smoky wreath
In the stilly evening air.

Spirit forms,—now clear, now dim—
Speeding from the world's wide rim,
Hasten through the airy deep,
Past the twilight caves of sleep,
Where the slumbrous waters creep
In a drowsy monotone.

Spirit robes of purple mist,
Gold, and glowing amethyst,
Waving in the changeful light,
Bright, bright, blinding bright,
Gleam as falling stars at night,
Fading into nothingness.

The Spirit of Poetry.

The spirit of poetry—a spirit wide, generous, lovable, beautiful—is that immortal, indefinable harmony, that inward melody, which springs from a glimpse, momentary or continued, into the infinity of nature. The spirit of the noblest poetry, the inner, essential *being* which defies analysis, that influence which, when we read true poetry, especially aloud, moves us in a strange, unaccountable manner and makes us feel something of the glow and fervour of the poet's inspiration—that spirit is infinite, and has, in so far as it is revealed to mortal men, some of the divine attributes. I do not speak of what is sometimes called poetry—as, for instance, a host of jingling, so-called patriotic “poems,” which, sheltering under the broad and beautiful name of love of country, disgrace that name and the very essence and inward harmony of poetry. But in the noblest poems there is an unfathomable well of truth, beauty, and

purity—not the truth or beauty or purity of sentiment or melody, for that is a matter for every individual to decide for himself—but of the spirit, in its widest sense, of all that is beyond expression or explanation. And in that lie the divine attributes of poetry—not in the outward form, or even sentiments, but in the most elusive yet most real portion—the spirit.

The inarticulate is always the most keenly felt:

“The speechless wrath that rises and subsides

In the white lip and tremor of the face”

is stronger than that indicated by angry words; and, in like manner, the inexpressible in poetry is the truest and greatest portion of it. Thus it has been said that the greatest poems are never written, and that is true, for there comes a time when feeling reaches an intensity beyond the power of words to express, and the revealed secrets of eternity fade away through the impossibility of expressing them. Thus it is that the poet has to use likenesses, for the very infinity of that which he sees renders a direct statement impossible. One of the truest poems in our language—Shelley’s “Skylark”—is full of such imagery, for he saw as clearly into the hidden inner harmony of things as any other poet in our literature. That “Spirit of Delight” which he invoked—what was it but a wider spirit, of which that of poetry is but an imperfect expression, imperfect, not of itself, but because imperfectly expressed?

And it is not alone in poetry that we may see and feel the influence of this primal essence of things; we may go to the source from whence the poets draw *their* interpretation of this divine mystery, and see, though less clearly, for ourselves. What we can see is but sufficient to show how vast is that which we can neither perceive nor understand; the fugitive and fleeting glory in a sunset, in a cloud, in

“everything almost

That is Nature’s, and may be

Untainted by man’s misery,”

but reveals to us the existence of undreamt-of depths and of unending vistas which are, and ever will be, unsearchable for mortal men and unattainable for mortal wisdom. That vast mystery, “the open secret,” is a universal spirit, of which that of poetry is a manifestation and a part, rendered forever accessible by those who have seen with clearer vision than our own.

In no sense is the spirit of poetry created; the outward semblance, that dress which serves to present the inward form to us, is created by the poet, but the essence is but a reproduction, nay, a portion, of the vaster, universal mystery, caught and imprisoned within walls of sense and melody.

R.N.K.

On the Eve of Rain.

Clouds are dusky-grey and still,
 Nature's waiting for the rain;
 Birds have ceased their song until
 They can feel the sun again.
 Trees are waiting, patient, too,
 Hushed and silent as they stand,
 Till the breeze comes sailing through
 Fresh'ning all the weary land.

Water's rippling like a song
 Where the willows bend above,
 Gently coaxing it along
 With a mother's tender love;
 The long grasses lilt and sway
 To the music's mystic flow,
 In a dance of elfish play
 Mirrored in the stream below.

Watching gum trees, straight and tall,
 Upward turn their shining leaves,
 And the tree-frogs scrape and call
 In a tune that strangely grieves.
 There's a brooding tenderness,
 So sweet it starts a pain
 Yearning in your inmost breast,—
 It is the sultry eve of rain!

R.E.W.

Dream Fancies.

Thinking over the roamings of my childhood, of that little forest of ours bordered by a sluggish creek, in which we used to bathe in the dull heat of midday, I slowly lost consciousness, and was gradually wafted into another forest, even more beautiful and idyllic than the remembrance of that other. I was indeed surprised. There Nature was Nature's own ornament, supreme in its wild and rugged beauty, yet softened by the pale tints of the flowers, and brightened by the endless chirping of the birds. Here and there, in open patches, the gorgeous displays of colour, untouched by man's destructive hand, were presented to my covetous eye. But, alas! some foreign thought into my mind did come, my forest faded, and I stood gazing entranced, forgetting the forest, at the brilliant architecture of the city of my dreams.

It was unlike a city, unlike anything I had ever seen, but it seemed to me that each building was a palace, not of a king or an emperor, but of Nature. There the spire of a Gothic cathedral seemed to

penetrate even into the clouds; there the domes of public buildings fought with the giant oaks for mastery; there gardens flourished, while the humming of the bee was mixed with the beautiful refrain of some human song.

I passed on, entered its magic portals, and beheld on my right, surrounded by green turf, the Law Courts. A rather small building in contrast with its neighbour, which I found to be a library, containing innumerable books, and, what was far more important, innumerable readers. But not thinking of books in this heavenly paradise, I went along until I came to a school, standing in its ground of emerald, and offering a peculiar attraction to my delighted inquisitiveness. What recollections! what contrasts! But my mind could no longer remain there; the contrast had introduced a new influence.

For no sooner had I realised its grandeur than this new influence crossed my path. For an instant it seemed that I was blind, unconscious in unconsciousness. Then the truth of my surroundings in dreamland dawned upon me. Here was no magnificent college, here no spacious grounds, here no healthy atmosphere, but instead, a dull, lifeless building, encircled by an asphalt path and fringed by a row of miserable trees hardly more life-like than the school itself. Such is the destiny of life! such, then, is the life we must lead, and to which we must bend all our desires. But consciousness was extending its sway over me, and I found myself thinking, not of the hateful school of my fancy, but of that with which I am in life connected.

III A.G.

A Thanksgiving.

Ah, God! I thank Thee for so fair a world;
 There is a sweetness in the midnight sky,
 There is a music in the silent dark,
 Beyond the charm of richest minstrelsy.
 The shadow of the noiseless wings of sleep,
 And the faint stirring of a midnight breeze,
 The deep-blue web of heaven, and those bright stars,—
 Celestial dew-drops on the unseen threads
 That knit the utmost confines of the air,—
 From these there swells a nobler melody
 Than slowly-rolling organ harmonies.
 And sometimes have I deemed, at dead of night,
 To heart a wondrous music, faint and far,
 Yet passing sweet, as though a stealing breeze
 Had wakened in the mingled strings of heaven
 Tones rich and strange and murmurs numberless.
 Yet no less sweetly on the earth is spread
 The spider's dewy tent of gossamer,
 Amid whose threads the easy breath of morn
 Kindles an airy music for the fays.

Ah, God! I thank Thee for so fair a world,
 For these loved stars, and for this silent moon,
 That peers along the cloudy lanes of heaven
 And softly glides with silver-sandalled feet
 Among the light streams of ethereal air.
 Thou white cloud-boat upon an airy sea,
 With freight of pallid and inconstant forms,
 There never yet shone earthly sail so fair,
 In the bright east, when morning walks the sea,
 As gleams thy vapour-woven pageantry.
 Green grass, that sittest humbly at my feet,
 Thy robe is not of earth, nor born of earth
 The light of emerald softness from thy dress,
 But mirrored from the splendour of the Throne,
 Or from the unknown meads of Paradise.

R.N.K.

A Passage from Nathaniel Hawthorne's Note-Books.

Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . Here I have written many tales—many that have been burned to ashes, many that have doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all—at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seems to me as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy—at least as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber and called me forth—not indeed with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still small voice—and forth I went, but found nothing in the world I thought preferable to my solitude till now. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think that I could imagine all passions, all feelings, and states of the heart and mind; but little did I know! . . . Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and

all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us—then we begin to be—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Old Boys' Column

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1914-1915.

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L. Stephenson, B.A.	J. F. McManamy, B.A.
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Vice-Presidents:

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C. M. Drew.	Aubrey Bohrsman.	

Hon. Secretary:

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Asst. Hon. Secretaries:

A. C. Berman. C. O. Hamblin.

Hon. Treasurer:

F. N. Lynch.

Members of Council:

J. Back.	J. R. Nield.
J. Bayliss.	O. D. Oberg.
A. S. Cockburn.	F. E. True.
A. D. Carson.	L. V. Watt.
C. H. Cook	

School Representative:

J. Woodhouse.

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Union was held at Sargents', Market-street, on Thursday, 12th November. Seventy-five members attended. The President, Mr. A. G. Henderson, was in the chair. The Headmaster and Mr. Moore represented the School. We were pleased to be able to welcome five Old Boys from the 13th Battalion of the Second Expeditionary Force encamped at Liverpool, viz., Sgts. Rainbow, R. Kell, E. H. Fitzgerald, Cpl. G. B. Tidex, Pte. R. A. Bastion Harvey.

The usual toasts were honoured with enthusiasm. After "The King" and National Anthem, Mr. A. G. Henderson proposed "The School," Mr. Waterhouse responded; it was very gratifying to have our worthy "Head" with us again. Mr. Moore proposed "The O.B. Union," making special reference to the Old Boys going abroad on service. Mr. Hamblin responded. Mr. A. M. Eedy, the "Father"

of the School, proposed "Old Boys going with Expeditionary Forces." This was honoured with the greatest enthusiasm. Lieut. Glass and Sgt. Kell responded. A good musical programme was carried through, and, altogether, the function proved highly successful. As the occasion marks the departure of many Old Boys for the front, it should live long in the memory of those who were present.

* * *

E. A. Southee, B.Sc., Rhodes Scholar 1913, writes cheerfully from Dunblane, on "the banks o' Allan Water." Since the outbreak of war we hear that he has gone into training at Oxford, along with other undergrads., and, for the present, is also keeping up his University studies.

* * *

In connection with the University Camp for G.P. Schools of New South Wales, to be held at Warriewood Beach, Narrabeen, January 21st-28th, 1915, we note the names of the following Old Boys on the General Committee:—M. R. Finlayson, L. V. Hall, G. J. M. Saxby, D. W. McCredie, and H. J. Orr. Mr. C. E. Fletcher, B.A., is the representative at the School.

* * *

C. J. N. Walters, B.V.Sc., an Old Boy, has been appointed as a veterinary officer in the Second Expeditionary Force, with the rank of Captain.

* * *

Many of our Old Boys take a vigorous interest in the Sydney University Scouts. Amongst the officers of the corps we note:—Lt.-Col. J. F. Flashman, B.A., B.Sc., M.D., Ch.M., Capt. M. MacKinnon, B.A., B.Sc., Lieut. H. B. Taylor, B.Sc., Lieut. J. Y. MacKinnon, B.E.

* * *

The Old Boys' Race (100 yds. Handicap) at the recent G.P.S. Sports, was entirely a High School affair, resulting:—1, F. Paterson (1 yd.); 2, L. V. Hall (3 yds.); 3, A. Geoffroy (scr.).

* * *

H. Wenholz, B.Sc., Ag., has been placed in charge of the maize breeding work conducted by the Department of Agriculture at the Grafton Experiment Farm.

* * *

It is interesting to note the large part played by S.H.S. Old Boys in connection with the Sydney University Union—the "club" of the 'Varsity. The President 1913-14 was Asst. Prof. F. A. Todd, B.A., Ph.D., and for 1914-15 is Asst. Prof. O. U. Vonwiller, B.Sc. The Board of Directors 1913-14 included: H. S. Utz, B.A., LL.B., and H. B. Taylor, B.Sc.; Hon. Treasurer, C. A. Bourne, B.Sc., B.E.; Hon. Secretary Debates, C. G. Macdonald. The new Board includes H. B. Taylor and Dr. Todd.

"Ben" Glass has taken a commission in the 24th Militia Regiment. Congratulations.

*

*

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We are trying to obtain a complete list of Old Boys who have volunteered for active service. Will any Old Boy who hears of a friend going to the front kindly communicate with either the Headmaster or Mr. Fairland? We publish the list as we have it to hand:—

Lt.-Col. W. W. R. Watson.
Col.-Chaplain Rev. E. N. Mer-
rington
Major R. H. Beardsmore
Capt. A. L. Buchanan
(A.M.C.)
Capt. N. E. Biden
Capt. W. E. Kay (A.M.C.)
Lieut. J. R. Broadbent
Lieut. N. B. Loveridge
Lieut. H. J. Salier
Lieut. Thompson
Sgt. R. H. Fry
Sgt. R. Kell
Sgt. O. U. Rainbow
Cpl. G. B. Tidex
Dr. A. C. R. Todd (H.M.A.S.
"Sydney")
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H. Craig
H. W. Johnson

R. A. Bastion Harvey
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C. Vyner
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E. H. Fitzgerald
T. H. Hutchinson (A.M.C.)
A. Wright
G. Hardy (A.S.C.)
J. W. Cizzio
H. W. Otter
A. L. Cooke
H. Milne.
L. L. Dinning
A. Stafford
L. H. Hudson
A. Adey

The Christian Union.

Despite the stress and strain of examinations, the Christian Union has made decided progress during the past quarter. Three addresses were delivered during October and November, and as we go to press we are expecting a visit from the Rev. J. T. Lawton, M.A.

On October 6th, Mr. F. C. Philip, M.A., the Travelling Secretary of the movement, addressed the Union on "A Great Fight." A fortnight later Mr. C. Cockett, B.A., the Senior Student of Camden Theological College, delivered a keenly-interesting and inspiring address on "Sports and Wowsers." Early in November we were favoured with a lecture from Mr. R. Boyce, B.A., on "The Present War: Its Meaning to Us"—a highly interesting and intelligent presentation of the situation, with its calls and responsibilities upon us.

The attendances have been improving considerably, and a keener interest in the movement has been displayed. A new committee will be appointed, and will be in working order for the New Year. It is earnestly hoped that still greater successes will attend its efforts. The retiring committee strongly urges upon the School the claims of this movement, which cannot fail to improve and uplift the tone and spirit of our School if it but receive from all the support it deserves.

A Holiday Scene.

We are standing on the great mass of sandstone known as the "Rock of Gibraltar," which projects from the face of the cliff overlooking the Nepean River, about eight miles south of Penrith. From this vantage point a magnificent vista of mountain scenery presents itself to the view. Far beneath rolls the Nepean, boiling in its rapid course through the deep ravine formed by the mountains bounding it on either side, its waters stretching away in ever-broadening reaches towards Penrith, where, in the blue distance, the great railway bridge spanning the river may be seen, and a panoramic view is obtained of the many orchards cultivated on the broad Emu Plains. Away to the north-west, the smoke of an engine emerging towards Springwood from one of the tunnels of the new deviation, ascends into the unclouded heavens.

On the opposite side of the river, rising sheer out of the water, and extending to the far horizon, is an unbroken succession of mountain and valley, covered with rugged and picturesque forest, with no sign of human habitation, no evidence that the hand of man has ever been raised to mar the beauty of Nature's handiwork.

To the south, the river passes in a winding course through beautiful mountain scenery, till it reaches what is locally known as "The Basin," a circular sheet of water formed at the confluence of the Warragamba and Nepean Rivers. This favourite resort of city holiday-makers is the site chosen by the promoters of the Warragamba Irrigation Scheme for the conservation of the necessary water for their purpose. The rivers converge into a huge natural tank, with high rocky walls on every side.—Burren Juck on a small scale. The water at this spot is very deep, but is rendered dangerous to bathers and for navigation by the sharp rocks which lie hidden just below the surface. The banks at the water's edge are thickly vegetated, the undergrowth giving place to larger timber further from the water.

Where we stand "Silence reigns supreme"—the deep silence of the bush, broken occasionally by the call of a wonga, the sharp yelp of a fox, or the laughing chatter of boating parties on the river below. From the camp across the stream comes the sound of a banjo, and merry voices, attuned to the air of some ancient bal-

lad, the strains rendered sweet as they are wafted over the water. But enough—mere words can convey no idea of even this, only one of the minor beauty spots of our magnificent Blue Mountains.

J.M.R.

Form Notes

IV B.—We have now nearly accomplished our four years' course, and, having gained a thorough appreciation (?) for poetry, are able to discern the inward beauty and significance of Wordsworth's fine ode on what our cheerful chirper, Mac, terms "Imitations of Immorality":

"not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come"

[from some little tinpot school or other to the S.H.S.].

Then:

"Behold the child among his new-born blisses,

A twelve-years' darling of a pigmy size.

See, where, 'mid work of his own hand he lies"

[and plenty of someone else's in prominent red ink—*Vide* our Latin Composition].

"See at his feet some little plan or chart,

Some fragment from his dream of many 'honours,'

Shaped by himself [certainly not by the masters] with
newly-learned art;

A Leaving Certificate and a failure,

A mourning and a funeral."—

But!

"O joy! that in our members

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers

Those three months fugitive [after the massacre!].

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business [Sol.], love [C.B.G.], or strife
[Fat]."

Our prospects for the results are fine, though threatening, with scattered showers (especially in the Chemistry and Physics zone), which somewhat damp our youthful ardour. However, we are confident of carrying off the laurels from before the very eyes of our rivals. Of course, we are relying on our old fall-backs, Ray and Alec, to uphold the honour, etc., while we expect a big demand for "Fellow's Syrup" on the part of the masters, when our sleepy (?) friend who "can't" shows out near the top of the tree.

We might inform our readers that before the dreaded event had taken place there was a severe punishment promised to those who dared so much as whisper the words "Merry Christmas." What

that punishment was we can hardly state, but we will so far disclose the secret as to say that the national flower of Scotland was destined to play a prominent part.

IV A.—The curtain is being rung down! The play is a serio-comic-tragedy; its title "High School Life." For most, it has lasted four years; for some, a shorter period; for a few, a little longer. At times it has been a screaming joke, when some facetious wag has called down roars of laughter for some feeble, laboured pun from Noah's Ark, or some frowsy laughter-maker with whiskers on it. The scenes have changed in dazzling eye-bewildering rapidity, as some uncouth "hoary-headed swain" handed out detention a fearful squelch! Sad, then, for the poor receiver! It has been serious when it's been a case of 2 runs to get and 5 seconds to play, or with the other side leading by two points, and your forwards tearing down-field with an elusive ball at their toes. It has been tragic at times—about every half-year—when a host of exam. papers are handed back with the blue marks of a peaceful, good-tempered, angel-like examiner thick upon them. We have passed from the bare knees and dirty mouths of the first year; we have reached the swank of "knickers" and a separate class-room in the second year; we have sought the dignity of delicately-creased mattress-pressed trousers, a racecourse straw, and a "pleasing security" of being able to hold our own in the reserved circle of female acquaintances; and now for the past year we have basked in the glorious, lounging, life-giving, heavenly sphere of the fourth year, a haughty benignity, cheerful tolerance of all things, and dinner on the front porch. O Joyful Day! when shall another come such as thee? Now we are issuing from this theatre of ours, and the flood of the outside world will sweep us away, away out to sea. And there our scrambling, gushing, hurrying tide will be whisked away, borne away, thrust at and buffeted perhaps, or perhaps swept but gently along, lost to sight like that thistledown which the roving wind tears from its mother plant. Soon we will be but bubbles on the surface of the great ocean of life—till the kindly hand of the Old Boys' Union gathers us in and invites our first year's subscription. Thus our Play "is closing, 'tis more closed, 'tis closed," as Friend Hunt says.

With so many eyes on exhibitions just now, it is quite possible that the noise of a terrible accident will ring in our ears during the next few months. Somebody (a blue-pencil fiend, for instance), might sit on them!

When one has written form notes on eight successive occasions, when one is fagged out with fagging, one must be excused by all readers for this hotch-potch of mixed metaphors and jumbled-up similes.

III B.G.—It would take a Carlyle or a Shakespeare to do justice to the memoirs of III B.G. for even this uneventful term. The unshaven visages, black-ringed eyes, unkempt (?) hair, yawns, and

late arrivings, all speak of examinations and their consequent late nights. No longer do boys make appointments with masters at 3.30, or does anybody ask if certain boys are "in this class" on Tuesday or Friday afternoons. One swotting student has been congratulated for using ink while doing his preparation, and we anticipate that before long it possibly may appear in a book; another has learnt to spell "similiarly," while another frequently wakes up some minutes after being asked to carry on.

Mobilisation for a time deprived us of our corps(e) of girl scouts, and our pale, shimmering light with its benign glow was for a fortnight extinguished, but "we bore the more easily our loss" knowing that now the Allies have nothing to fear. Even masters show marked respect to militarism, and take care to give colour-sergeants and downwards their respective titles. What other class can boast of maintaining the whole of a regiment? We have the Sydney High School Field Artillery Corps in our midst. The new corps has seen fire (though "it" did not explode), but as yet has lost only one machine gun.

The class artist has been threatened with detention for drawing cartoons, archways, and other scribbling on the blackboard, but as yet the threat has had no material effect.

The teachings of the mediaeval reformers or some other unknown cause have caused the abandoning of halfpenny novels, of romantic yarns about darkies from Africa and wouldn't be lady mussels, of family scraps and dog fights between Fido and Carlos, but the places of these are quite taken up by Loney and Weekley.

Lists of great, would-be great, ought-to-be great men, women, and children, with their respective dates (sultanas have become stale), now replace the numberless sheets of facts and essays, but the surging crowd has disappeared owing to the ardour with which private study is carried on.

Now for our gentler nature. Bird Day passed with great success owing to the discovery by a noted taxidermist of a supposed-to-be-extinct multi-breed bird which quite put coachwhips, jackasses, magpies, and lyre-birds in the shade. Shakespeare has spread a vast influence among the younger and more frivolous III B.G.-ites, as it will be noticed that sweet peas in vases, velvet hat bands, and creased trousers are becoming quite a mode.

Some second-year individuals think that the four hours' work set down for us is for them, so they vent their spite upon the timetable with banana-skins. Why these people can't take our example, belongs to the study of metaphysics. University Camps are the rage in No. 2. All boys seem to have used a great deal of lifebuoy on the surfers (joke not intended), but "hunt the duster" is a much more exciting recreation.

Many who are awaiting the appearance of our portraits will not be surprised to know that "it" was too much for even Alec's strong lens.

By advertisement in this issue we are asking for a second-hand sign composed of three golden spheres, owing to the many who go into other rooms borrowing when we are only too glad to lend.

Wishing all the School luck in the exams., a Happy Vacation, and a very Merry Christmas, we remain, amid "the ceaseless chatter of steam hammers," the School's ever,

III B.G.

III A.G.—Once more the exams. are upon us! It seems but a day since we passed through that terrible half-yearly, and now we are again called upon to take arms against a sea of troubles.

Since our last appearance in these pages an old friend, MacDonald Giles, has departed from our ranks. We heartily wish him the greatest success in the career which he has chosen.

A recent debate has brought to light an extensive knowledge of love-matters on the part of several of our leading orators.

The French class takes an intense interest in the adventures of a beautiful young lady "*avec un pied charmant et une bouche de rose*," while a still greater interest is being taken in the fascinating study (?) of Algebra. Great excitement prevailed in No. 3 some days ago, when one of our mathematical enthusiasts announced the startling fact that he had succeeded in elucidating one of those mysterious mathematical problems dignified under the name of H.Ps.

The class has shown up well in all branches of sport this season, and the life-saving class has claimed several eager volunteers. Two or three of our military men have just returned from an enjoyable camp with the University Scouts, while the two school companies have been greatly improved by the enthusiastic (?) work of III A.G. trainees.

In concluding, we wish III B.G. and III A.C. success in the exams. (ours is assured!), and the happiest holiday which has ever crossed their various paths.

III A.C.—Getting down to the overpowering and geometrically increasing fag, the occupants of the "Warren" still continue to uphold their reputation and continue to flourish despite their bankrupt state, due to sundry exactions called fines (£5) and sundry compensations for broken chemical apparatus. Our ranks have been still further depleted, for our most energetic workers, Alexander and Emanuel, have entered into the commercial world. We hope soon to distinguish them amongst the "Knuts."

However, these facts, though concerning the emptying of pockets and classroom, fail to quench our optimism, and leave us ever the brainy III A.C. Whilst upholding our honour on the intellectual side, as Horace says, we are always to the fore in sport. The School, as has always been the case, still draws its most distinguished representatives in cricket, swimming, tennis and rifle shooting from our ranks.

The strain is reaching its zenith, but we hope to live through, provided weather conditions are favourable. After the exam. the weather is sure to overcome the fragments, and we will "to sleep, perchance to dream." With this beautiful vision before us we bid farewell, and wish those individuals hoping to obtain distinction in examinations every success in upholding the honour of the School. Wishing everyone a Merry Xmas and a Bright and Happy New Year, we let the curtain fall, and remain

III A.C.

II C.G.—Select quotations from ye olde playe of Kynge Henrie ye Fyfthe, adapted and expounded by ye scholars of ye famous classe of II C.G. for publication in ye noble Hyghe Schoole Recorde in ye year of ye greate warre (Hoch der Kaiser!!!).

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts, and excuse the absence of ye goode olde Englishe in ye remainder of ye learned discourse.

Eh, bien! it is fag or fail. Though work be a tiring master, yet we still plod. There must be conclusions, and some day the exam. will be over.

Although some of the masters have told the class that "the grave doth gape and doting death is near" to some of its more industrious (?) members, yet there are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. To everyone that fails, the fault be on his own head. Perhaps it may be the fault of giddy Fortune's fickle wheel:

"That goddess blind

That stands upon the rolling restless stone"—

who will bring defeat to those who fail (perhaps it mightn't).

It is rumoured that M——s is shaken of a quotidian tertian that is most lamentable to behold. At any rate, he has all the symptoms. The teachers play the part of preachers to us all, admonishing that we should dress us fairly for our end.

Take heart ye pessimists, the examiner is but a man, the "Inter." appears to him as it does to us, all his senses are but human conditions (he can't see all your mistakes in a minute, let's trust to luck that he'll miss some), and so we trust that all who are not dead from fagosity extremosity will meet beyond the golden (?) gate in III C.G.

II B.G.—Uh! friends, sympathisers and fellow-victims, the inevitable has come (we don't mean the Germans), and the cricket field has been suspiciously deserted for that period of Wednesday which the lesson programme calls "Synopsis." What for?

Anyhow, they say that actions speak louder than words; well, so do red and watery eyes, when a suspect glibly denies the charge of "fagging." The whole class desire to thank "?" for reminding us that he thought that we were living up to No. 7's tradition. What is the tradition?

Well, ask any of ye olde formere (black) boarders (?) of No. 7. However, our class blank- (carried very unanimously) verse poet, and sonnet, epic and ode writer, found time (!) and the heart to write the following twaddle, we don't know! Here is his effort:—

in the camp "the ancient warrior,"
 Noting now the awful carnage,
 Walls bespattered,
 Blackboards battered,
 Desks for barricades e'er serving,
 Breaches bearing,
 Firmly to himself decided
 Never more by vandals guided
 Should he be.

As the apple skywards soaring,
 Chooses fresh its crouching victim,
 Down he pounces,
 All denounces.
 Every guilty-minded culprit,
 Bitings holding,
 Down unto detention slouches,
 And there for many an hour he crouches,
 Conscience stung.

"Stop Press News."—On asking the bard (qui supra demonstravimus) what title he would give his effort he said: "A Cryptogram containing No. 7's Tradition."

Notice.—No prize will be given for the correct answer, as the bard really means "A Publication of No. 7's Tradition," because there is no "Cryptogram" about it—absolutely none.

For the "Firsts" Cummings has made 22, 16 and 34, whilst Rees and Lachmund scored 17, and 40 and 19 respectively for the "Seconds." Annetts and Rees pulled off 25 and 61 respectively for the "Thirds." Robison put up the substantial score of 60 in a class match.

That is the end of our notes; so we all say, well just "So long" till next time.

II A.G.—The forthcoming results will show that II A.G. is the top class of second (beg pardon! third to be) year. We are all the more certain of this because previous to the exam. we were told by a certain individual that America under Julius Cæsar was brave enough to withstand the Berlin Decrees. Of course, we knew that from time immem—oh, a long time ago.

The class picnic turned out a great success, although our "nautical man," Mariner Bill, was not there to take the helm (or swab the decks).

For some months it will be a case of "now sits Expectation in the air"—but I forget we are tired of Shaky, and prefer the news of Kaiser Bill's defeat. We are, however, glad the "Inter" is over, and C—ss and G—y can resume their old ways (what a wicked world this is!) and H—ll once more entrusts himself to Sunday School

picnics with a free conscience. Now, once more, we can resume the somnolent course of our lessons, unawakened by cries of "H—ry, stand out on the floor!" or "By—e, don't go to sleep again!"

Since we will soon be third year (??) we hope that the "little boys" will not foster "the disorderly spirit that has been apparent in us since last June. If they do they will be rebuked and bidden "Stand at the back of the room, sir!"

Although these Notes are not "sweetly sad," we hope that "the poet overshadows the man," so that the writers may hide under the "true poetic instinct" shown.

Of course we hope that all second year gets through, II A.G. with seven As, and the others with six.

II A.C.—Time flies, egged on by the spur of the moment, and expectations wax strong. We sincerely hope that all of them will be fulfilled.

The feeling gathered from our class, whose sole wish is to have a cut at the Intermediate, is exceedingly optimistic, and some self-flattery is flying. Yet we suppose this idea is obtained from Henry V:

"Self-praise is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting."

All sober-minded members are now working in earnest, and because of the sharpened intellects, witticisms are frequent, which only goes to show in a pleasant form the result of our studious endeavours.

Vile accusations as to our former behaviour are surely contradicted by our scholarly demeanour at the present time, and such a great event as that coming has quietened even the most frivolous of us, one in particular having gone into long trousers as a sign of his reform.

The masters have done their share to equip us for the examination, and it behoves us to do our best to justify their confidence in our ability.

We crave pardon for taking so much space in talking of the examination, but as it means so much to us, we are capable of being excused "nicht wahr."

I B.G.—"Gwout." A miserable specimen of humanity who goes under the name of McN— slowly crawls out of his form. How are we to pass the yearly with such hindrances as these? However, we are daily gaining new knowledge. Indeed this has been proved, as Mr. Harvey has promised to take a number of boys up to Uni. at the beginning of next term. Once the dreaded yearly is over we will resolve to work and fulfil the expectations of our energetic masters. We now take the opportunity of giving our best wishes to the second and fourth year pupils who are sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving Certificates.

In the field of sport we still hold our own as the superior first-year class. Indeed, this was illustrated at the Athletic Sports, where I B.G. carried off the majority (??) of the prizes. Again, in

cricket we have several representatives in the grades. Swimming is now in full swing, and we are looking forward to the next carnival.

I A.G.—Though gradually worn down by refined tortures of two hours' homework per night, we are still able to look down upon the lesser classes, notwithstanding the gradual failure of Kruger's eyesight; we are all very sympathetic, of course; but we do think he might have obtained his pair of spectacles elsewhere than on the cricket field. Our honour is maintained, however, by our two Macs, whose prowess has struck terror into the hearts of their opponents, led the Violets to victory, and will soon uphold the honour of the School in the Thirds.

With the coming of the warm weather fishing has become popular. MacKellar succeeded in hooking a lively though antiquated banana, and brought it forth once more to the light of day from the recesses of Davies' desk; and Herford, our History Encyclopaedia, captured two fine meat pies in No. 4 Room.

In spite of these interruptions, Eldridge, the Boy Scout, is confident of 90 per cent. in all subjects in the examinations, and Sergeant Beale is ready for anything after having acted as colour-sergeant for one drill.

I A.C.—The examination has come slowly but surely. It has been hanging over some as the sword of Damocles, over others as a laurel wreath, the crown of second year. The bane of the school-boy's existence, "fag," has converted cheerful faces into haggard and drawn visages, ruefully awaiting the results of the dreaded exam.

The miserable wretches who try to absorb Latin in the Manual Training Room have a genius in their midst who has invented a new Grammar; it has, we believe, three numbers, first, second and third. The enterprising inventor of this novel system is Prof. B—th.

Swimming has again commenced, and a few of this class have proved themselves adepts in fishing a mysterious saucer from the bottom of Bondi Baths. A master, who intruded, was immediately surrounded, and retired precipitately, minus two linear inches of skin detached by someone who evidently thought this the best way to attack the monster.

There are certain essays which have been missing since September, and there are rumours floating about to the effect that they have been—we'd better not say what; but the class is thinking seriously of instituting an investigation council, empowered to go into the matter thoroughly.

The football season is over. In the 3rd grade we were best represented by a number of fine players, none, however, as fine as Mc—oe. In cricket our chief strength is in the Red Colour team, which, despite that fact, is not very successful, for it has got one forfeit and lost one. In a class match we had an entirely-expected easy lose. Our "able" captain now plays 2nd. In the thirds is that very fine player Mc—oe, but unfortunately his score did not even equal his fineness—actual figure 4ft., cricket figure 0. Our best players are

Von der Heide, Ford, our captain, and Barr. Another of the players, named R—son, has had the fine scores of two ducks and 1. However, we expect to do better after the ordeal. As for H—per, our harping critic—well, we need not mention him.

Biggs—The Poet.

Biggs was a poet. Yes, although the world had as yet received no indication of the genius that lay concealed within his small head, although the poem that was to render his name illustrious for ever was not yet written, although he kept a small grocery store, he was a poet. A poet—yes; but all poets need some stirring emotion to arouse in them the fervour of inspiration, and in that lay Biggs' greatest difficulty. In vain did he contemplate a representation of an idyllic country landscape advertising Smith's biscuits, in vain did he shed sentimental tears over the body of his deceased cat—the scornful muse would not be beguiled.

But the time was coming; the moment was drawing near when the fickle patroness of poetry was to turn a favouring glance on her devoted suitor. It was one fine summer's morning that a customer called and bought six pounds of tea. Six pounds of tea! Prodigious! Biggs glowed with happiness; he felt the happy influence mounting to his brain like the fumes of new wine; he trembled with the intensity of his inspiration. It was under the spell of this mighty spirit that he looked upon the familiar objects around him with a new interest and attachment. What a pretty bird that was on the starch box—blue, with a green breast and red tail! How lovingly that green salmon, with the blue eye, embraced the tin whose contents he had the privilege of indicating! It was under the spell of this potent spirit that he hastened upstairs, and, seizing the little, inkstained desk, placed it opposite the small window. Ah! there were the blue sky and the white clouds: how peacefully they slept on the bosom of the heavens—just like Indian runner ducks on a pond. Biggs' mind was made up. Now would be give to the world the immortal poem of his dreams; now would he—— But stay. On what subject would he write? Spring, summer, autumn, winter, murmuring winds, rippling streams, whispering trees—all were ready for the inspiration of his genius to incarnate and embody them. Pah! you know not the mind to which you would present these themes; you know not its lofty serenity, its complete detachment from earthly interests, its ethereal brilliancy. No! It must be something that would endure, something hitherto untouched by the efforts of any absurd pretender to poetic fame.

It was while meditating in this fashion that Biggs' wandering eye chanced to light upon the word "Nile" in a newspaper on the desk. "Nothing very peculiar in that," you say. "Ah!" you say; but to the poet it suggested a world of ancient valour and action. Did you ever hear of the Battle of the Nile? Biggs had, and that,

he decided, was a theme worthy of his attention. He would fill the sails of the fleets with the wind of his own volubility; he would bombard the French ships with a furious hail of invective; he would sink them beneath the weight of the opprobrium he heaped upon them.

The poet thought an instant, looked at the clouds and the blue sky, thought again, and then wrote rapidly on his paper six momentous words:

“At the battle of the Nile.”

“Not much,” you say perhaps. Not much! Do you not perceive the wonderful potentialities of that line? Do you not recognise that it conveys the information that something (unknown as yet) happened, or someone (whose identity is not yet disclosed) was present at that great combat?

But now a slight difficulty arises. What can rhyme with “Nile”? “Tile,” “file,” “pile”—— Biggs tried them all, but without success. Here, however, we see the work of genius, for undoubtedly it was that handy attribute which enabled the poet to think of “while.”

“At the battle of the Nile,

I was there all the while——”

he recited softly to himself, and then, naturally enough, he began to ask himself what he would be doing there. There was only one possible reason for his presence, and Biggs, with customary insight, perceived it:

“At the battle of the Nile,

I was there all the while,

Watching Nelson give it to the French.”

“It”? What could that be? Was it some little memento of their meeting? Was it—happy thought!—a whisky and soda?

But ah! hapless wight! My heart bleedeth for thee, O Biggs. Dost thou not see what thou hast done? What can possibly rhyme with French, and yet make sense? “French,” “bench”—— Biggs tried them; he even tried “fence,” pronouncing it “fensh,” but to no purpose. With a heavy heart he rose and abandoned the noble work so well begun.

The sky was overcast; the rising wind moaned in a disappointed manner through the crevices of the old building. Believe me! the elements were in real mourning, for they knew what Biggs knew, they knew what we feel—that the world had lost a masterpiece.

Cricket Club

With the advent of summer, cricket is again in full swing at the School, and generally, present form points towards a successful season. Full advantage is not taken of the practice nets provided at Wentworth Park; but this is no doubt due to the approaching Exams., after which a much better attendance should result.

The First XI should do very well in the G.P.S. competition, and should finish near the top, instead of at the tail as of former seasons. Having disposed of Tech. and Fort St., our two most dangerous opponents in the High Schools competition, we should win easily the remaining matches, and hence the competition.

The Second XI and Third XI are both leading in their respective grades, and, with a moderate amount of luck, we should win all three grades of this competition.

The weather, so far, has not been ideal from a cricketing standpoint, as all three matches were preceded by heavy rainfalls, which hindered play somewhat.

The new season marks the birth of the "Colours." These are teams of junior boys, who are not connected with the grades. A competition is conducted at Centennial Park, which promotes good sport and keen rivalry, and should be the makings of our future cricketers. The competition was organised and looked after by Mr. Gallagher, who has been untiring in his efforts to give them good cricket. Mr. Gallagher's efforts are not confined to the "colours" alone, but extended to the grades. Cricketers recognise Mr. Gallagher's good work and unabating interest, for which they are deeply indebted to him. Other masters to show great interest in cricket are Mr. Moore and Mr. Watson.

S.H.S. FIRST XI v. S.J. COLLEGE FIRST XI

This was the first strike we had in the season; practice was late in starting, and in no small measure contributed to our defeat by 48 runs. S.J.C. opened, and scored a very slow 139 (Thompson 27, McCarthy 17 batted best). For the School, Cummings 22, Moore 19, and Burrows 18, were the principal performers. Burrows was in good form with the ball, securing 5 for 51. Scores:—

S.J.C.—First Innings.		S.H.S.—First Innings.	
Reid, c Benson, b Claremont	12	Braithwaite, run out	1
Thompson, b Taylor	27	Byrne, b McKillop	5
Guissane, run out	7	Cummings, run out	22
Gillham, b Burrows	7	Claremont, b McKillop	1
McCarthy, b Burrows	17	Moore, c Caples, b Cusick	19
Cusick, c Whitehouse, b Burrows	0	Burrows, thrown out	18
McKillop, b Claremont	6	Franks, b McKillop	0
Hoare, b Taylor	13	Taylor, not out	0
Hughes, l.b.w. Burrows	9	Whitehouse, b McKillop	0
Boland, b Burrows	10	Benson, b McKillop	4
Caples, not out	4	Webster, absent	0
Sundries	27	Sundries	21
Total	139	Total	91

Bowling for S.H.S.—Claremont, 2 for 30; Taylor, 2 for 15; Burrows, 5 for 51; Byrne, 0 for 10.

S.H.S. v. FORT STREET.

Played at Waverley on 21st October, and won by S.H.S. by 25 runs on the 1st innings. Scores are as follows:—

S.H.S.—1st Innings.		Fort Street—1st Innings.	
Byrne, c and b Easy	0	Hopkins, b Claremont . .	1
Braithwaite, b Firth	36	Ford, c Webster, b Burrows	19
Crimmings, c Mankey, b Hooker	16	Easy, b Burrows	19
Claremont, b Hooker	36	Hooker, c Claremont, b Burrows	59
Burrows, b Firth	0	Munro, c Whitehouse, b Claremont	15
O'Connor, c and b Ford . .	12	Edwards, run out	6
Henry, c and b Hooker . .	5	Busby, b Burrows	0
Benson, b Firth	11	Firth, c Claremont, b Burrows	2
Taylor, not out	7	Mankey, b Burrows	0
Webster, b Ford	17	McLean, b Burrows	1
Whitehouse, c and b Firth	0	Goodman, not out	0
Sundries	16	Sundries	9
Total	156	Total	131

Bowling for S.H.S.—Claremont, 2 for 51; Burrows, 7 for 36; Taylor, 0 for 22; Braithwaite, 0 for 13.

S.H.S. v. TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Waverley on the 28th October and 4th November, and resulted in an outright win for S.H.S. by 46 runs. The following are the scores:—

T.H.S.—1st Innings.		T.H.S.—2nd Innings.	
Carroll, b Sherwood	9	Carroll, b Taylor	7
Wright, b Claremont . .	20	Wright, c O'Connor, b Claremont	44
Sutton, st. Whitehouse, b Burrows	1	Sutton, b Robison	2
R. Carroll, c Sherwood, b Robison	19	R. Carroll, run out	1
Hepburn, b Claremont . .	27	Hepburn, c O'Connor, b Taylor	4
Mostyn, b Burrows	9	Mostyn, c and b Claremont	0
Hodgson, b Claremont . .	0	Hodgson, b Robison	10
Wilson, b Sherwood	2	Wilson, b Taylor	1
Jackson, not out	0	Jackson, c and b Claremont	1
McLaren, c and b Robison	0	McLaren, c and b Claremont	1
Kennerberg, absent	0	Kennerberg, absent	0
Sundries	14	Sundries	3
Total	101	Total	72

Bowling for S.H.S.—Claremont, 7 for 49; Burrows, 2 for 22; Sherwood, 2 for 30; Taylor, 3 for 28; Robison, 4 for 26.

S.H.S.—1st Innings.	
O'Connor, b Sutton	9
Claremont, c and b Carroll	11
Cummings, b Sutton	5
Rees, c Hepburn	9
Burrows, c and b Sutton	18
Robison, c and b Hepburn	4
Taylor, b Jackson	18
Sherwood, c and b Carroll	12
Whitehouse, not out	0
Moore	—
Braithwaite	—
Sundries	9
Total	92

S.H.S.—2nd Innings.	
O'Connor, not out	14
Claremont, b Carroll	0
Cummings, c Carroll, b Hepburn	34
Rees, c and b Hepburn	5
Burrows	—
Robison, c and b Carroll	4
Taylor, b Jackson	6
Sherwood, c Wright, b Hepburn	12
Whitehouse, b Sutton	23
Moore, c Wright, b Carroll	17
Braithwaite, b Carroll	9
Sundries	13
Total	127

SECOND XI.

To date the Seconds have played and won two matches. On 21st November they met Fort St. at Waverley. We batted first, and were dismissed for 95 (Sherwood 19, Rees 17, Russell 11 were the main contributors). S.H.S. bowling was too good for Fort St., who were dismissed for 32 (Kearney 4 wickets and Robison 6). Following on, they scored 40 (Rees 2 wickets, Sherwood 5, Lockmund and Russell 1 each). The School thus won easily by an innings and 23 runs.

S.H.S. v. TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Wentworth Park on 28th October. Tech. opened first, and only reached 36 (Turnbull 20). For S.H.S. Benson took 5 wickets for 20 and Connell 4 for 12. Ford and Annetts opened for the School, but the partnership was soon broken, Annetts being out l.b.w. for 0. Lochmund followed, and then rain stopped play with scores 1 for 32 (Lochmund 20). Tech. forfeited on the second day.

THIRD XI.

S.H.S. v. CLEVELAND ST.

S.H.S. 1st Innings 135 (Rees 60, Annetts 26, Warmoll 23). 2nd Innings 41 (Ellison 9, Williams 7).

Cleveland St.: 79 and 89.

Won by S.H.S. by 8 runs.

Bowling.—Annetts, 7 wickets, Bain 5.

S.H.S. v. FORT ST.

S.H.S.—1st Innings 112 (Williams 59, Firth 27, Bain 21). 2nd Innings, 32.

Fort St.—103 and 112.

Bowling for S.H.S.—Bain 4 wickets, Williams 6.

Lost by 71 runs.

THE COLOURS.

The following are results of the above competition to date:—

GREEN v. VIOLET.

Played at Centennial Park and won by Violet by 69 runs. For Green: Vote 13, Sutters 5 batted best, whilst Von der Heyde took 3 wickets, Weinert 3, and Vote 2. For Violet: Beveridge 21, McKellar 26, and Wallace 20 were the principal scorers; whilst Macredie bowled well, securing 7 wickets, Wallace capturing the remaining 3.

RED v. GREEN.

Won by Green by a forfeit.

RED v. GREEN.

November 4th.

Red: Richards 21, Clapham 8, Pollard 0, Rogerson 0, Jakins 0, Watt 4, James 5, Sundries 2. Total 40.

Green: Cleary 0, Annetts 32, Weinert 57, Vote 8, Griffiths 0, Chong 4. Total 101.

VIOLET v. BLUE.

Blue.—1st Innings: Benson 11, Taylor 12, Herwig 0, Suters 0, Bohman 1, Chowne 9, Clarke 0, Jaede 0, Tarlton 3; Sundries 6. Total, 42. Second Innings, 23. Total 65.

Violet.—First Innings: Beveridge 6, Taylor 2, McCredie 3, Watt 0, Beale 2, McKellar 21, Wallace 3, Herford 14, Cornish 0, Wise 2, Rowston 1; Sundries 9. Total 63. Second Innings: McCredie not out 3, Taylor not out 2. Total, 5. Total, 68.

Blue were defeated by 10 wickets and 3 runs.

Swimming Club

This club has already started with a large membership. At the annual meeting there was a large attendance, a committee and secretary being elected. The past season has been a successful one, and present one shows every prospect of being equally successful. Owing to the examinations the attendances at Bondi Baths have been low, but after the Xmas vacation a large attendance is hoped for. It is advisable that all boys should do a little training, as several important school carnivals will be held after Xmas. Our own carnival will probably be held in March, and it is hoped that it will be equally as successful as the last one.

Under the direction of Mr. Parker the Life Saving Class has been progressing favourably. The methods of rescue and release have been nearly mastered, and as soon as resuscitation drill is mastered, together with water drill, the examination will take place.

In conclusion, it is hoped that some races be held before the carnival to get boys in condition, and so as to pick our representatives.

The Literary and Debating Society.

The past half-year has witnessed several of our most successful meetings. During the Mock Election feeling ran high and fierce, carrying on its flood the gentle and productive oratory of Mr. Wilson, "charmeur" and socialist, who secured his election amid triumphant cheers. The Musical Afternoon discovered considerable unexpected talent both within and without the membership of the society. The entertainment realised 17s., which was forwarded through the School Union to the Patriotic Fund. Ministerial Debates, Impromptu Speeches, and Manuscript Journals have displayed a more confident originality, a more assured brilliance of speech and composition.

The features of the programme, however, were lectures—one by the Rev. J. Woodhouse, concerning "Travels in N.S.W.," and another by the Rev. G. Brown, D.D., on "Savage Life in the South Seas," with particular reference to German New Guinea.

This term sees the passing out of the present administration, and the mantle of Elijah will fall upon Elisha—provided he is underneath. We would take this opportunity of sounding Rola's horn to rally the future third and fourth years to the debating standard of the L. and D. Society. This is their noble heritage. Theirs has been a peculiar Renaissance of anticipated interest in the proceedings of the Society, since a very successful Mock Banquet has been pleasantly imminent.

Senior Cadets.

In connection with examination of cadets and non-commissioned officers for promotion and first appointment, the following have passed and are appointed:—

Sgt. Brake, E. L., to be colour-sergeant; Cpls. Sproule, M. A., Forbes, A. M., Cadets Moore, L. P., Kershaw, R. N., Wilson, H. C., Cpl. Emanuel, A., L.-Cpl. Wood, R. E., to be sergeants; Cadets Cross, J. Z. S., Henry, T., Winston, C. E., L.-Cpl. Claremont, L. F., to be corporals; Cadets Ellison, E. B., Flynn, H. E., Lauder, C. G., Cunningham, A. J., Henderson, J., Paterson, A. K., to be lance-corporals.

The Editor's Box.

Gathree.—Your verse has many merits, but you spoil it by several lines which destroy the good effect of the remainder. For instance, the second pair of short lines in the last stanza. Some of the verse is quite up to standard, and we will be pleased to publish if you correct these faults.

R.E.W.—We have accepted your poem, and will be pleased to receive further contributions.

C.E.W.—The sentiments expressed in your verse are worthy of commendation, but the subject is one requiring special capabilities to avoid the travestied and commonplace. We can hardly pass "Can'da's," however. The last verse is the best, and is worthy of the theme.

A.W.V.K.—The subject is too difficult, and your treatment of it too vague to permit of publication. Moreover, in spite of its merits, the poem resembles too closely a well-known ode of Tennyson's on a similar subject. You could hardly call Roberts' story "the noblest, grandest ever told," nor can "willy-nill" and "Hindu mobs" be passed.

X.—"A Phase of the Game" has quite an atmosphere of Kipling at times in its swinging metre. But you must not attempt to rhyme "crackled" with "tackle," "trough" with "shock," "darkness" with "vastness," or "funnels" with "heralds."

S.N.V.—We hope you are not in earnest. We print a sample to let our readers judge:—

"There was no lack of volunteers
To answer their countrie's call;
The only trouble, it appears,
Was to find a place for them all."

Globe-Trotter.—Your guide-book description of the Caves is altogether too dry and matter-of-fact.

R.H.K.K.—Your "ballade" is not worthy of your abilities. Some of the lines show something of the old spirit, but, in general, it is too artificial and slight.

R.H. (I.A.C.).—Your poem shows a gift for versification of a quick, swinging nature. Whilst it is hardly suitable for the "Record," it shows that you can do work up to the standard, and we can confidently advise you to try again.

A.H.S.—"A Visit to the Mint" is altogether too dry and technical. We note you even timed your visit to the minute.

P.R.W.—"Life" has some good truths in it, but they are not original, and, in places, not too well expressed. Still, some sentences—for instance, the last—show that you can do good work. We advise you to try some less abstruse and difficult subject at the start.

Editorial Notices

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges:—

"H.A.C. Journal," "Cooerwull Magazine," "The Armidalian," "The Mirror," "The Yellow Dragon," "The Novocastrian," "The Fortian" "The Toowoomba Grammar School Magazine."

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